



Roxbury, Jan. 15, 1879.

My Dear Friend:

Your letter was made doubly welcome by having enclosed in it the excellent photographic likeness of your beloved father. It will be added to the gallery of my departed friends whose esteem I counted it an honor to possess, and for whom I shall ever cherish the most affectionate remembrance. It is greatly comforting to be able to look upon each "counterfeit presentment," so true to the life, and reviving as it does so many tender and pleasurable recollections of the past. "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" exclaimed the celebrated Edmund Burke on an occasion of bereavement. But far better is the view taken of these mutations by our honored poet Longfellow:—



"Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal:  
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'  
Was not spoken of the soul."

And again:

"There is no death! What seems so is transition:  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death."

Nevertheless, being human, we cannot wholly restrain our tears for the dear ones vanished out of mortal sight.

I need not attempt to say how deeply I sympathize with your mother, and with you all as a family, in the loss you have sustained, and the dispersion (I trust to be only temporary) which has followed it. Your pathetic reference to this separation touches me very tenderly. Not to be actively and beneficently employed as hitherto must also be not a little depressing. But have faith to believe that the dark cloud shall yet present a silver lining.



I went seasonably to New York to participate in the festivities of Christmas and New Year with my dear daughter and her family, and Wendell and his children. Unluckily, I know not how, I caught a severe cold, which threatened to end in pneumonia, and which kept me closely confined to the house until my return home. I am now nearly over it, but have to be careful as to any imprudent or unnecessary out-door exposure.

If you have never been to Virginia, your going there will constitute a new experience in your life. I shall be interested to hear from your lips when you get back as to how you were impressed by what you saw. May the change prove beneficial to your health and spirits.

Miss Otis joins with Frank in wishing to be kindly remembered to you.

Yours, with much esteem,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Miss Bella Mack.



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